

## Academy Girl Serafina

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## Academy Girl Serafina

by [Pastel Comma \(Regina\\_Hark\)](#)

### Summary

Serafina Cornicello, an academy mage-in-training, finds herself regretting stepping out her door once she winds up at the bottom of a great ravine.

### Notes

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Serafina forced down a whine as the plant vine, now three of them, rubbed suggestively up her torn skirt. Her mind ran in circles, repeating and screeching she was late for class and that yes, she's left her suppression aids at the boarding house. Serafina lifted her head, wincing at the sight. Miles and miles of coarse vine-infested roadside were between her and the stupid trail she rushed through.

And that was truly something, tumbling her way to messy muddied clothes and a poor excuse as to why she was late.

Serafina's eyes watered. Oh, she's done it now. This wasn't a ditch or a hole but a ravine in Wickwood Forest. Wickwood. The human girls at school called it Fuckwood and they'd make jokes and harass her if they knew she's fallen here. As a magic hot spot, sundered as her instructors at school called it, Serafina would be the most influenced by the magic at play. Beastbane women a natural conduit to wayward magics.

But that wasn't the complete truth.

Sundered magic affected humans and beastbane alike but they wouldn't listen and-

The strap of her school bag waved as it rolled on by, the flap horribly open. Papers and other school sundries flying out were snatched and buried by the vines. The plants scrambling for what disturbed them. Her quills. Her ink pots. And most importantly, her textbooks, went silently into the earth without as much as a farewell. With a dismaying splat, her bag landed on the ravine's floor line. A mere three inches below the heels of her brown boots.

Dismayed, Serafina slumped against the soil molding around her body. The earth giving way.

Not sharing her mood, the vines snaked and dug. Making holes and shaking out a rattle-like sound. Like seeds, she thought. Seeds in a tin can. Serafina couldn't recall seeing plants so lively. Not even in the academy's prized greenhouse, so full of exotic and strange plants.

It was in the way they touched and combed her ginger-red hair. Sweetly and simple.

Weaving their way up into her now frumpy locks and to the ponytail ribbon holding it all together. Before she could turn her head to examine the vines and their antics, something went snap. Her yellow ribbon fell around her shoulders and then came her hair. She was crowned in her crimson curls. Thick silly hair that came from being a Cornicello, a family trait. Her red hair splayed out in the lazy breeze.

Since Serafina turned twenty-one, she had been considering cutting it.

She only kept her bushy locks long to hide her nubby tan horns. Calf horns compared to the rest of her family. It was all thanks to the suppression aids she had been taking all her life. Making her appear more human than beast. Serafina snorted. She was never human enough for her schoolmates.

The slight weight of her waist-long hair gave way to wind and vines, combed and braided for their amusement.

Little buds bloomed around Serafina. They poked their plum-color heads out of the hillside, releasing golden clouds of sparkling pollen. Within seconds, the mud and dirt and outdooriness she'd been stomaching though gave way to tangier aromas. Now she smelled citrus, honey, sweeter melons and just a hint of vanilla. Her favorite scents and surprisingly the exact scents she sprayed on herself this morning. But her perfume paled in comparison to what the vines made in earnest and naturally so vibrant and rich.

What were they up to? Doing her hair. Making her comfortable. Adding sweet scents to make her calm.

Unnatural plants they were. Serafina recalled one of her lessons on the stranger things that lived in Surfeit, their world. The, the plant vines, purple with even purpler buds, are faunaweed. Plants that dwell in sundered forests and marshes. Creatures that could transform into lost loves and missing children, consuming all that followed them to their deaths.

They were identified as two distinct variants. Faunaweed and mimicweed.

But the one she was with shouldn't be much of a threat. The faunaweed tending to her was missing its fauna, the humanoid half of its body. Without it, the faunaweed couldn't form its deadly blossom prison form and outright swallow her. They were just vines. Silly vines.

But... But...

From their response to her arrival and the slow and steady way they arranged themselves to make room for her in the ravine's hillside, they were interested in her presence, weren't they?

Two vines, oddly slick with fluid and their tips prickly, prodded her backside through the soil. Ouch! Her knees slammed into each other, bones rattling together. Stop it! Without her permission, her body humiliatingly bucked up to escape the sharp prods. Fluttering up her pale chunky thighs, her light-red skirt rose scandalous inches. Cotton white panties exposed to the world. The cotton contrasting to her paler skin and thighs that hardly saw any sunlight at all. Blood rose to her cheeks. Imagination her foe.

What if a passer-by caught her like this?

It was a spring day after all. Warm and lovely. Serafina certainly couldn't be blamed how sweat and soil made her clothing cling to her body. Even if her panties weren't wet with the liquid known as sweat. Glancing down, it was obvious another fluid. Far lewder and erotic than she meant to acknowledged. How her panties hugged her hidden pussy. An outline of her private place growing wetter and presenting itself out, folds and lower lips and pinkness through the dampness.

A map of all the places to be touched and stroked and fuc-

Serafina shook her head. She was clearly thinking too much. She broadened her stance in the soil to prevent any further tumbling and found her books were sinking carelessly in as a result. In seconds, Serafina sunk to her knees. Caught in a wide-legged thrust that left her little dignity at all. Her skirt bundled high on her hips taunted and teased her. She couldn't fix herself stuck like this.

Stupidly pulling her skirt with her occupied hands or risk falling further into the ravine.

Serafina kept her grip on the hillside and tried to keep her eyes busy.

Her poor attempts of distracting herself weren't working as well as she would have liked.

Looking down, her lower legs half-submerged in the hill and looking out, the ravine's trail and the likelihood of someone eventually coming by made her emotions ignite. It wouldn't take much to get out. She had weak magic, true, she knew how to make each spell count.

A basic fire spell would be all she needed to get free.

But the problem of even lifting a finger to escape was... was... Serafina averted her eyes. The hillside was really relaxing. Time was ticking away. The forest morning finally getting in full swing. Birds chirping. Animals frolicking. Vines seducing. Serafina was already late and there couldn't be anything wrong with being later to class. It made sense, didn't it? Why not enjoy a day in the woods?

Serafina wiggled her feet and found them restrained.

Rope-like vines in both strength and size shackled themselves around her ankles. It oddly thrilled her, this hold against her body. An excited breath, husky and low, escaped her lips. The fading blush of earlier quickly retook her cheeks. Struggling light, Serafina tested her limits. She lifted her foot, kicking for a better spot with her heel.

The vine around it increased its grip, firmly maneuvering her boot to back to where it was.

Then, as if amused by her actions, another vine slithered into the open space of her boot. Sliding right in while pushing the shoe off her foot. It rubbed her toes, massaging the ticklish skin there. Serafina wiggled, trying to bring her foot away but there was no relief to be found. She laughed,

her voice going out to echo and give her position away. The vine kept aggressively against her heel, tickling her greatly and making her eyes wet with grief. And worse still, the sensation went everywhere. Making her bound body shudder and shake.

Serafina diverted her laughter to her nose but the jolts of pleasure pooling in the space of her belly wouldn't leave.

The tickling went on longer than it should, longer than she'd ever been tickled, and the ticklish sensation gave way to more sensitivity to her foot. The rubbing slowed into long troublesome stroke but the damage had been done. Her foot being rubbed felt so, so good. Serafina stepped into it. Wanting more. Her tense shoulders eased and her sore muscles there relaxed. She gave a sigh of enjoyment. Another vine came to the other foot, subduing any resistance from there. The massage much welcomed.

But the vines weren't happy to only have her ankles.

They came for her wrists, weaving around them and pulling her flush against the hill.

Her breasts bounced from the sudden movement. Clapping together with a hearty, sloshing sound that made her wish she could turn into a tree. Why couldn't she be one? Her horns could be branches. Her feet could be roots. And trees didn't have anything to worry about at all. No boys to be leering. No girls to be gawking. The lazy joke that she should join the academy's milking pen with those breasts of hers.

Why couldn't she have been born human? What was the point of looking human if it meant that real humans would always loathe her. Their love only tolerance and little else. No friends. No peers. She was just a freak taking up space in their class. They loved trying to grope her breasts. All of them. The boys and the girls.

Like it said in the textbook, 'A bovina's milk was a valuable ingredient for potions and higher ranked spells.'

She was just magic tits with magic milk to them.

Bigger than apples but terrible for her social health, Serafina's breasts pressed hard and fast now they had the chance to make her hate them so much more. From her fall, the bra was slightly unhooked and with no suppression aids in her system to quell their mutiny, her breasts seized the chance. Filling up with milk, her plump breasts asserted themselves by pushing up and lifting the bra's white cups. The skin around them red and tender.

Her titty trouble-makers increased another size.

Soft mounds rippling, straining the straps of her bra until they were in tatter, the few brave threads holding on. Serafina's fatter tits wore the bra's cups like a hat. Nudging the fabric out of the way while her rosy nipples dragged against her white blouse.

Twin milk-made dots of dampness eating away at the white that hid her worthless mounds.

From the sweat running down her body, Serafina's blouse coated her swelling breasts, now practically see-through. With her hands restrained, she couldn't cover her roused nipples or push her tits into the ruined bra.

Serafina mumbled a mantra she used everyday.

If she didn't have these breasts, the girls would be nicer to her. If she didn't have these horns, she

would be asked to go on holiday with everyone. If she didn't have this tail, she could have been chose as head girl. Her grades were high. Her scores excellent. But if she wasn't a bovine, her life would be- Different! Better! So why should she not hate her breasts? It was all their fault.

She tried all of what she could to fit in and none of it was ever good enough!

But now. But here. Looking at her breasts, big and hers, she couldn't, she wouldn't hate them. Not here. Not now. They were fertile lovely things. Her nipples like rosebuds, pearl-pink and bright, poked through her blouse. As they hardened, skin contracting, they dragged against the fabric and sent shivers down her spine.

Ah, she couldn't remember her breasts being a thing of pleasure.

They were supposed to be troublesome, unruly, and yet, she couldn't stop staring. Finally seeing them as they were. Gifts not burdens. Loves not terrors. With an uncertain roll of her hips, Serafina made her great mounds move. Her nipples drizzled silvery white milk. Twin weak trickles staining Serafina's front. Her deliberate movement caught the attention of the vines. They snaked up and across her clothed mounds.

The vines weaved around her nipples and pulled, playing with them lightly.

Serafina made a face. Her lips scrunching up as she got used to the strange sensation. Nipple-play. Plenty of classmates had tried to touch and squeeze her nubs before but she remembered it just hurting and all the shame that came after.

Were her breasts really supposed to feel this good while being touched?

Another vine went to the bottom of her blouse, right where the last button sat, and squirmed itself in. It dove inside, wrenching itself upwards and tearing the garment into two. One by one, her buttons gave and her belly became bare as the vine went further up. Cool air touched her vulnerable skin. Her heart thudding loudly in her cage. This was exciting. The binding vines, the one destroying her blouse, her breasts primed for its advance. Serafina bit into her lip, hoping to draw both blood and common sense.

Her breasts weren't supposed to see daylight. Her body didn't deserve to be touched so gently.

She hated her breasts. She hated them all this time. But this hate and shame, why was it arousing her?

Approaching Serafina's breasts, the vine slid between them and tore the last of her bra and blouse in one shot. She was exposed, literally and figuratively and mentally and- The vines around her nipples let go, moving to wrap around her twitching tits. Together, they squeezed. Coaxing out a low airy moan from her swollen lips.

The vines tugged Serafina's tits forward, presenting them to stranger fellows.

Vines with flowered faces. Their tips not vine-like as the others but tulip-shaped and lavender in color. The long petals moved of one accord, peeling back and revealing a gaping maw that led deeper into the flowered vines' hollowed shafts. They pulled their petals forward to make a bud. Using their feathery ends to stroke Serafina's breasts.

Her nipples hardened. Rosy nubs jutting out from rings of pliant darker flesh.

The petal buds ran across Serafina's arolas, teasing the rings of pink flesh. Her skin tightening and teasing from their soft strokes. Serafina found her breath becoming so much louder and needier. What should have been easy inhales became flustered pants of pleasure. With her breasts still

swelling and expanding, her nipples grew as well. They fattened up, becoming udder-like with their new size and sensitivity. The flowered vines focused on her nubs. The petal buds swiping her drippy nipples.

Despite being bound, the vines around her wrists eased their hold.

Probably because Serafina was thrusting her chest forward, seeking more of that pleasant touch. Her nipples lengthened, swollen nubs extending out and drooling a milky substance. The petal buds opened and took some of her breasts' flesh in. Starting from the front and moving to the base, they squeezed her tits, pushing the milk forward. Serafina's breasts rippled once more, incited by the physical touch. They grew. Her tits ballooned out, heavy and swaying. Serafina sucked in a breath. It hurt. They weighed against her, the milk churning inside and the pain that came from having so much gathering.

The petal buds moved to her nipples, opening their buds and taking her nubs in.

They began to milk her.

Serafina ducked her head. Eyes wet from the sheer relief chorusing through her body. Sounds she thought she couldn't make... Flighty and gentle. Husky and rough. She made without shame. Murmurs and moans and groans paraded out of her shameless mouth. The flowered vines pumped her, making her massive mounds release and squirt creamy foamy milk.

Her first milking...

This was her first milking by anyone other than herself!

Serafina's tongue lolled out of her mouth. A dangling pink thing surrounded by her lewd pants.

From where the petal buds drank, their stem shafts led to a plant-based container. Green-tinted and filmy under Serafina's dazed gaze. She saw that was where her milk was collected before it went into the ground. The warm milk poured in, cascading like a white waterfall, making clouded bubbles and sea-like foam around the rising fluid.

Seeing her milk swaddled and cared, it made her body quake and seize with need.

Some primal part of her cooed. Pleased by her choice for a partner of this milking.

Serafina exhaled weakly through her nose. Determined to get herself back together. What was this? Becoming a wanton whore because her breasts had been touched just right? She gritted her teeth. No. No! She wouldn't make another filthy sound that didn't wasn't annoyed or disgruntled. Her breasts were trouble. Her milk worthless. She exhaled again, this time longer. To her ears, it sounded like the beginning of a groan. Like repressed pleasure.

But no, spirits no, she couldn't be allowed to enjoy being in this state.

Serafina ducked her head, breath heavy and lungs slow to fight off the pollen-thick air. Her hormones were having their way with her but so too was the season. As a beastbane, no, as a bovina, she was long overdue for her first milking. Her mother considered her a late-bloomer but that wasn't true.

She'd taken suppression aids the moment she was old enough to know exactly what was being suppressed.

Serafina had her horns, her tail since she was an infant, but never did her breasts give real milk.

Milking herself with a pump or with her hands only provided off-white fluid. Never true milk. The thought of it revolted her. Her own body a slave to instincts and hormones. It was exactly what humans thought the beastbane should be. Slaves to their betters. Toys for the humans. Pets for their beds and beasts for their farms.

The soil under her shifted and she sank even more.

Serafina's bottom half was swept deeper into the hill, the earth hollowed out for her submerged body. The back of her academy skirt, a simple bell-shaped skirt with frills lined around the hem, crumpled up above the start of her panties. Hoisted up, Serafina had no protection against the cool soil brushing against her skin. Wayward touches stroke her virgin skin. The sensation of it, the vines moving to caress her plump peach-like rear. They felt like hands cupping and spreading each large cheek with chilly damp fingers. Even the space under her tail wasn't spared. Their touch and coldness pressing against the delicate skin there.

Serafina squirmed, trying to not give in. Her body wasn't listening. Her tail rising higher and higher.

Her knees instinctively spread further, baring as much of her body as possible. The front of her panties dripped and trickled, her female fluid saturating the simple cotton. It grew uncomfortable around her hips and pussy mound. Ah, what was this? Anticipation? For what, Serafina thought. For what?! Serafina simmered in denial. Her cheeks burning as her pussy had the nerve to ache and throb. She couldn't stop glancing down. That wet spot between her legs growing shamelessly in size.

Why hadn't someone come? Why hadn't someone told her what she was doing was wrong?

Wasn't it?

Letting herself get literally entangled to a plant-beast, the faunaweed. No one was there but the vines, gentle vines, planting even more pleasure to grow inside of her. Serafina closed her eyes. There weren't words good enough to describe this seduction and enrapture of her female form.

The shame. The relief. The guilt and the guilty pleasure.

Like a fire that had been lit in a miserable cave, she was drawn to it. Desperate. Wanting.

The warmth and the feelings it invoked in her. She had no choice but to give in and blossom.

Forcing herself to glance away, Serafina only found more things to be ashamed of. The floor line of the ravine looked like a well-used trail, if not outright a road, by the traces of wagon wheel marks on the ground. And it was late in the morning now. A good time to start bringing goods around if merchants and woodsmen used the trail regularly. What if they caught her? What if they saw her? What if their talk made it back to the academy and those humans there would-

The vines explored her ass, their touches firm and plying. She gasped, eyes quivering.

What if... What if... she didn't care. Could she do that? Was that really allowed? Not caring?

The vines played with her rear, slapping gently her thick cheeks and rubbing against her tight and clean pucker. One vine, bumpy with buds growing along its shaft, slid down the curve of her underwear. It bunched the fabric together and yanked it to gather it in the crack of her ass. Serafina frowned. What was it trying to do? Then it moved to her front, pulling and gathering the panties' fabric in the front.

Serafina looked down to the lewd display of her wet pussy in her soaked panties.

Her dripping lower lips pushed out and surrounding the thin line of fabric. The panties so soaked that it was nearly transparent. Another set of vines grew across her stomach and went downwards, inviting themselves to toy with her panties' waistband. Tugging and tugging until the garment became as taut as a cord. The white cotton panties were now like a thin strip, revealing her drooling pussy but not her clitoris, pink and hard, straining against its cloth prison.

The vines worked together, tugging up and down the strip of her panties.

Serafina began gasping, her breath speeding up. The stimulation of her lower parts, she had no self-control left. Her hips pushed forward, meeting each tug. Her ass pushed back, meeting each release. Her tail, thin and white with a plume of dandelion fluff on the end, rose as far as it could. No. No! And the moment it did, her body fell to its darker instincts, bearing her breasts forward, a sign of submission.

Her mind went blank.

Take her! Take her now! She was ready to receive seed!

But Serafina blinked and remembered herself and where she was and the class she was missing and- Oh, she was presenting herself. Presenting as if she was giving herself to a suitable mate. She curled her hands into fists. This was happening because of her inaction. This was happening because she chose to stay. And that was it, wasn't it. What she was allowing to happen. Serafina slumped against the hillside molding against her body, pulling her ever deeper. The boarding house was a dozen miles to the west. The academy was a dozen miles to the east. And there was still all this earth to climb, ruined clothes and those girls waiting to mock her in class.

She already had a hard time convincing herself to even come back this year-

Without her suppression aids and the late morning hour giving way to early afternoon, Serafina felt it. Her arousal so keenly and sharp and unrelenting. Like a tiny ember left to fester within a haystack, the heat, the need, raged through her body. Inflamed and yearning, her body woke to her latent desires. Instead of exhaling, she panted. Instead of wiggling, she presented. Thrusting her breasts and readying her legs and tail for penetration. Absolute penetration.

Her panties stretched and stretched until they finally tore.

Serafina looked down on her hot and swollen mound. Sweet juices making it glisten in the sunlight. The vines wrapped around her thighs and lifted her hips slightly, spreading her legs just a bit further. Away went the remnants of her underwear and bra, the torn pieces of her skirt and blouse. The vines gather them and pulled them underground, out of sight. Serafina fought against them for the sport. She wanted her restraints to be even more tighter, even more certain and secure. The purple bonds against her, she writhed against, teasing them.

A pair of smaller vines appeared. Lesser in their color. Mauve-pink.

They wrapped themselves around her clit and rocked it from side to side. Serafina groaned and tightened her lips. She wanted to moan, to cry out in these lost woods, but she fought it, wanting to test her limits. Her cries bubbled inside of her, filling up her lungs and heart.

Another vine, a darker shade of purple, violet, thicker in girth than the others regarded her pussy.

The vines around her quivering thighs made her legs spread even more for it. The tip of the violet vine tested the sensitive skin of her damp folds. Caressing the hot flesh there. It circle her hole with



purpose, learning her responses. When she shivered, it pressed harder. When she sighed, her breath let loose because of the coursing pleasure of the twin vines, it eased.

Serafina's eyes fluttered closed, her orgasm so close and near. Ah. Ah! All at once, her knees seized. The orgasmic release washed over her. From her toes curling, her knees clattering, her body arching up and out, her breasts bouncing and clapping, tears tumbling down and her mouth, open and alight with unadulterated pleasure- She cried, wild and loud.

She fell apart there and then. Her body trembling. Her clit, like a second heart, pounded and pulsed, she came again.

But this time, her second climax was brief and brisk. Passing through her rattled body hasty and hot. Distracted and dizzy from the pure ecstasy that left her stunned and stuttering, Serafina opened her mouth to moan but found herself squeaking instead.

The violet vine flared, thickening up.

Its tip grew a leafy cock-like head, nudging at her virgin hole. The green slit oozed pollen-like slime, golden in color and fragrant. More musky than sweet. Could it be consider pre-cum? It still seemed to be observing her entrance. Was it waiting for something? Serafina relaxed her hole and, with great reservation and lust, wiggled her hips into its tip. The plant cum ran across her pussy folds, tingling the skin there. The violet vine grinded itself against her. It felt so, so good. The heat and liquid lust oozing onto her.

The violet vine pushed its cock-head against her hole, just an inch, pushing it open for it.

"Guhh..." Serafina moaned, "Please... Fuck me."

The violet vine plunged in. Serafina sharply inhaled, her lungs near popping as all the air rushed in and out. Her groans and gasps at the strange intrusion inside of her. She looked down. Two? Just two inches?! It wasn't even all of the head but ah, the sensation, weird and massive took her with its thickness. One pure instinct, Serafina clamped around it. Trying to push it out. The violet vine endured her squirming, turning itself against her inner walls. It stung. It hurt. But slowly, the pain went away. Replaced by rising pleasure in her pussy walls in being massaged by the thickness.

Another inch and Serafina's feet jerked. Ah, it was so big and firm-

The twin vines played with her clit, distracting her with another approaching orgasm. In the dirt, vines tended to her feet. Serafina groaned. This was becoming a bit too much, too good. Another pair of mauve-pink vines went to her slit, feeling like fingers, they moved passed the cockhead of the violet vine. They stretched her, finding nerves and spots that had her singing to their call. It didn't take long for her pussy to become absolutely brimming with sweet juices. Her liquid pleasure coating the thick plant cock until it shined.

The mauve-pink vines retreated and the violet vine began to move.

It pushed further inside of her, its girth forcing the walls to give way. Serafina's hips grounded down, pushing into the vine as much as it was pushing into her. The sheer size of it. It was becoming hard to string thoughts together. More and more of the violet vine went inside, coils of it still entering. Her tongue slid across her drying lips. She could feel its heat from the inside. The pre-cum drops painting her core. Some of it slinked out the sides of her stuffed pussy, streaks of cummy gold.

Behind Serafina, her ass was appraised by the vines in the earth.

They pushed her hearty cheeks apart and rubbed once more against her pucker, releasing a cold and soothing goo against against it. As they rubbed, the skin there became slick and lubed. The vines' ministrations growing faster and faster. Unlike with her pussy, they opened her pucker and shot more of that peculiar goo inside. It tingled. Dribbling further within, gooey and gushy. Then another vine, thick with a cock-like head, brushed against her backside.

Just like the one in her pussy, this one teased her ass.

It squirted against the crack of her ass, staining it in that pollen-like cum. The plant fluid somehow inciting her skin. It tingled, raising up her sensitivity levels even more. Serafina shook, squirming. The thick vine dragged its cock-head down her cheeks. Teasing her. Serafina tried to relax her asshole. It was going to go in there like the other one, right? But why would it be interested in her ass. It was big and plump sure but she thought only people looking not looking to get pregnant played with their assholes.

The thick vine pushed against her ring of muscles, breaching her backside inch by inch.

But then it flared, forcing her pucker to stretch as the plant shaft inside of her expanded. Serafina yelped. It didn't hurt. Not with the plant fluid stimulating her flesh and soothing what pain that should have came. It simply felt weird. She was wider for it now, her asshole bigger and broader. The thick vine thrust further, more and more barging inside. So wide, her inner walls were under attack. Every bundle of sensitive nerves there hit at the same time. Rubbed and grinded against as more came in.

Impaled in both her holes, Serafina's mind was going blank again. Consumed by instincts of lust and breeding.

She couldn't take this anymore. Serafina squeezed and clenched, trying to slow down this ravishment of her body. The vines resisted her. They twisted inside of Serafina, wearing down her will. No. N-no... Her mind swam, submerged by her lust and pleasure presented to her. More. She wanted more. These vines didn't mean her harm. Her body didn't mean her trouble. Just this once. Only this once couldn't she enjoy herself and her body's natural gifts. It was her choice. Her power.

The vines inside of Serafina moved, ruthlessly plunging in and out. Her breasts slapped together. More milk forced out from her hips rocking back to meet their thrusts. She shouted. She howled. Her chunky cheeks messy and jiggling, filling the air with fleshy noises along with the crude sound of sex. In and out, the vines fucked her. Serafina's voice went out. Gasping squeaks all she could make now. Orgasm upon orgasm forced through her trembling form. Her thighs were forced further apart. The vines' rapid thrusts became slow scooping strokes into her very being. Her pussy tamed and conquered. Her ass occupied and invaded. The vines grew, squirting more of that plant fluid, and her body changed for them. Her holes absorbing the strange mix.

Uhhh... Something was growing. Something was bobbing in front of her eyes.

Serafina weakly stared at her belly. It was bigger than before. Pudgy. Her waist was slightly looser than before, taut and tight. On the inside, she felt their plant cum pour without reason inside. But all of that excess fluid should have found its way right back out! She blink. It was now even bigger. Rounder. Her belly was pushing out. The vines inside of her twitched and throbbed. Releasing even more. So much. So much!

Serafina threw back her head, the pleasure building, her everything ready and willing.

She came. Her vision going white and her body becoming like stars. The orgasm sending her

straight to the next life.

Her womb overfilled and her belly expanded out, primed and pregnant for all to see. Such a big belly, she had to look almost nine month pregnant with this fluid filling her insides. Serafina slumped forward. Her head limp. Her breath weak. The strength in her was gone and she was like a doll for the vines now. Moved and rearranged by the faunaweed. With her breath echoing in her ears and eyes blinking out the white light of her orgasm, she wasn't able to tug herself free.

The flowered vines milking her breasts withdrew, giving a pleasant squeeze to her relieved mounds before they left. Something was sprinkled into her red curls and Serafina forced herself to look before she passed out.

Tiny blossoms of lavender and white. Upon her head and mane, a crown of flowers were made.

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